

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

DANGER!
FOR
EXPERIMENT

Deep
IN THE JUNGLES
OF SOUTH AMERICA
LURKED AN AWFUL
MENACE---A SUPER-
HUMAN BEING THAT
THREATENED MANKIND IT-
SELF! FOR CHILLING, THRILL-
ING ADVENTURE DON'T MISS
**"The ANT
MASTER!"**

THE MONSTER'S
... LOOSE!

SOUTH AMERICAN
SOLDIER ANTS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

**Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time!
We Start You FREE—Don't Invest One Cent!**

MAKE BIG MONEY

WITH FAST-SELLING WARM

MASON LEATHER JACKETS

Rush Coupon for FREE Selling Outfit!

NOW IT'S EASY to make BIG MONEY in a profit-making, spare-time business! As our man in your community, you feature Mason's fast-selling Horsehide, Capeskin, Suede and other fine leather jackets—nationally known for smart styling, rugged wear, wonderful warmth. Start by selling to friends and fellow workers. Think of all the outdoor workers around your own home who will be delighted to buy these fine jackets direct from you: truck drivers, milkmen, cab drivers, postmen, gas station, construction, and railroad men—hundreds right in your own community! You'll be amazed how quickly business grows. And no wonder!—You offer these splendid jackets at low money-saving prices people can afford! Our top-notch men find it's easy to make up to \$10.00 a day EXTRA income!

SHOE AND LEATHER JACKET ARE BOTH
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Be the first to sell men who work outdoors this perfect combination!—Non-scut, warm Horsehide leather jacket lined with wooly Sheepskin and new Horsehide work shoe also warmly lined with fleecy Sheepskin and made with oil-resisting soles and leather storm welt!

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Send for FREE SELLING OUTFIT Today!

Mail the coupon today—I'll rush your powerful Free Jacket and Shoe Selling Outfit including 10-second Air-Cushion Demonstrator, and EVERYTHING you need to start building a steady, BIG MONEY, repeat-order business, as thousands of others have done with Mason!

SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MA 178
MASON SHOE MFG. COMPANY,
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You bet I want to start my own extra-income business! Please rush FREE and postpaid my Powerful Selling Outfit—featuring fast-selling Mason Jackets, Air-Cushion Shoes, other fast-selling specialties—so I can start making BIG MONEY right away!

Name _____

Address _____ Age _____

Town _____ State _____

These Special Features Help You Make Money From First Hour!

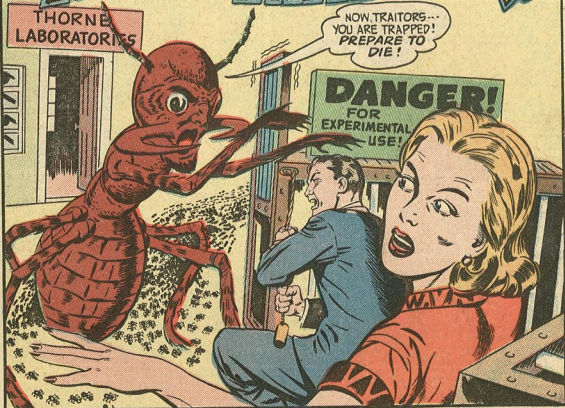
... Men really go for these warm Mason jackets of long-lasting Pony Horsehide leather, fine Capeskin leather, soft luxurious Suede leather. You can even take orders for Nylon, Gabardine, 100% Wool, Satin-faced Twill jackets, men's raincoats, too! And just look at these EXTRA features that make Mason jackets so easy to sell:

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MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
DEPT. MA 178
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

IN TROPICAL COUNTRIES, THE DREADED SOLDIER ANTS TRAVEL IN LARGE ARMIES, DEVOURING EVERY LIVING THING IN THEIR PATH! THEIR INTELLIGENCE SEEMS TO COME FROM A SUPERIOR MIND, THROUGH A FORM OF TELEPATHY! HERE IS A GRISLY THEORY THAT MAY EXPLAIN THIS TERRIFYING MYSTERY OF THE INSECT WORLD! IF TRUE, IT COULD MEAN DISASTER FOR MANKIND, AND VICTORY FOR ...

THE ANT MASTER!



NOW, TRAITORS...
YOU ARE TRAPPED!
PREPARE TO
DIE!

IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLES, TWO SCIENTISTS WERE STUDYING THE INSECTS OF THE REGION, WHEN SUDDENLY...

LOOK, CHICK... I'VE
FOUND A RARE
BEETLE THAT...

PROFESSOR
THORNE...
SOLDIER ANTS!
THEY'LL EAT US
ALIVE!



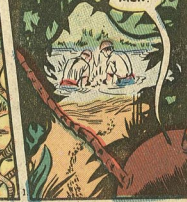
TO THE RIVER...
IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE!

THEY'RE...
BITING
ME!
HELP!



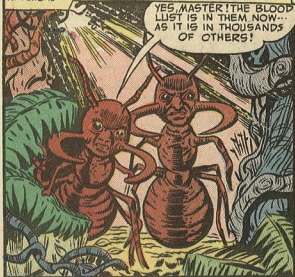
AS ALIEN EYES WATCHED FROM THE JUNGLE GLOOM...

"HAH! TWO MORE
RECRUITS... SOON
WE SHALL HAVE
ENOUGH TO
CONQUER ALL
MEN!"



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THEN---A SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT FELL UPON THE MONSTROUS WATCHERS---



YES, MASTER! THE BLOOD LUST IS IN THEM NOW... AS IT IS IN THOUSANDS OF OTHERS!

SOME WEEKS LATER---THE SCIENTISTS REACHED HOME---

CHICK, DARLING... WAS THE EXPEDITION A SUCCESS?

YOU'LL SEE, PAT...WHEN WE SHOW YOU WHAT WE BROUGHT BACK!



AT THE THORNE HOME---

UGH! WHAT'RE THESE AWFUL THINGS, FATHER?

DON'T TOUCH THEM...THEY'RE SOLDIER ANTS!



I---DON'T KNOW WHY I BROUGHT THEM BACK... IT WAS A STRANGE URGE THAT I COULDN'T SEEM TO RESIST!



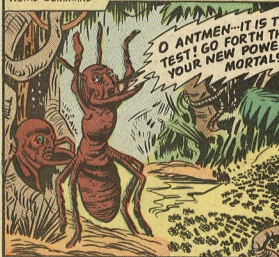
LATER---IN THE LABORATORY---

I'VE DEVELOPED A PECULIAR FONDNESS FOR THE LITTLE FELLOWS!

SAME HERE, BUT... I WONDER WHY!



AT THAT MOMENT FROM THE REMOTE JUNGLES, CAME A WEIRD COMMAND---



O ANTMEN---IT IS TIME FOR YOUR FIRST TEST! GO FORTH THIS NIGHT AND TRY YOUR NEW POWER! KILL THE HATED MORTALS---KILL!

---THAT CROSSED THE OCEANS, TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD!

CHICK---THAT MESSAGE IS MEANT FOR US!

YES, I---HEAR IT IN MY MIND!



THEN PROFESSOR THORNE, WITH HIS GREATER POWERS OF CONCENTRATION, BEGAN A HIDEOUS TRANSFORMATION...

CHICK--WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? MY BODY--

GREAT SCOTT!



STARTLED, CHICK SPRANG BACK--

THUD



THE FRIGHTFUL THING THAT HAD BEEN PROFESSOR THORNE LOOKED DOWN WITH THE BLANK EYES OF AN INSECT--

THE HUMAN IN ME WANTS TO HELP HIM--BUT THE URGE TO VENTURE FORTH AND KILL IS TOO STRONG!



WHILE THE BROKEN GLASS PIERCED CHICK'S VEINS--

I MUST FULFILL MY DUTY TO THE ANT MASTER!



OUTSIDE-- SOMETHING'S FOLLOWING US, JOHN! I--LOOK!

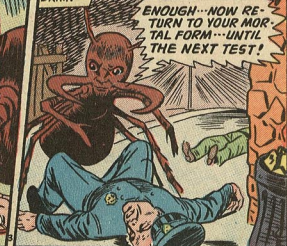


N-NO... STOP! HELP!



THE HORRIBLE MASSACRE CONTINUED UNTIL A TELEPATHIC VOICE PENETRATED THE WARPED BRAIN--

ENOUGH--NOW RETURN TO YOUR MORTAL FORM--UNTIL THE NEXT TEST!



IN HIS NORMAL GUISE, PROFESSOR THORNE RETURNED...

SO CHICK AND I ARE ANTMEN NOW---IT SHOULD PROVE INTERESTING!

THORNE
LABORATORIES

NO WONDER HE DIDN'T TAKE PART IN OUR MISSION---HE'S BADLY HURT!

A FEW HOURS LATER...AT THE HOSPITAL...

HE MUSTN'T DIE... I LOVE HIM!

HE MUST LIVE... TO HELP US KILL THESE HATED HUMANS!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, CHICK PASSED THE CRISIS...

THAT MESSAGE THE PROFESSOR AND I RECEIVED---IT CAME FROM SOMEONE CALLING HIMSELF THE **ANT MASTER**! NOW HE IS ITS **SLAVE**! AND I...?

OUR ARMY OF SOLDIER ANTS IS GROWING! YOU SEE, EACH HUMAN THAT'S BITTEN BECOMES **ONE OF US**!

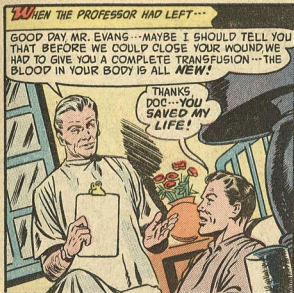
ER... GOOD!

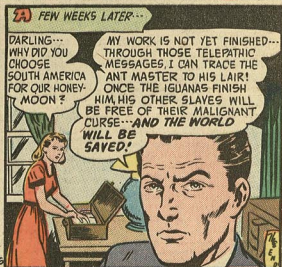
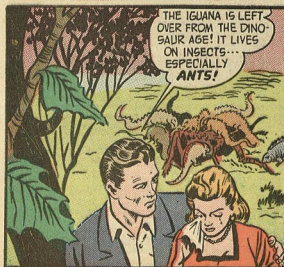
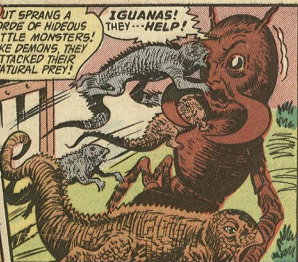
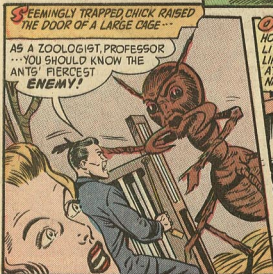
WAIT---A MESSAGE FROM THE **MASTER**!

ODD---I CAN RECEIVE THE MESSAGE---YET I HAVE **NO URGE TO KILL**! I WONDER...

YOU ARE TOO WEAK TO TAKE PART IN OUR...ER... **ACTIVITIES** TONIGHT! TAKE THIS **SLEEPING PILL**---YOU WILL NOT HEAR THE **COMMAND**, SO WILL NOT **CHANGE FORM**!

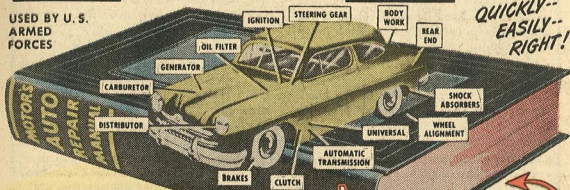
YOU WILL GO FORTH AGAIN... TONIGHT! SHATTER THE MORALE OF THE PEOPLE---IT WILL BE EASIER WHEN WE ARE **READY TO STRIKE**!





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USED BY U. S.
ARMED
FORCES



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EASILY--
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Killer's BURIAL

IT HAD PROVED an easy job after all, and burying the old phoney would prove easier still. There remained about a ten minute drive to the lonely spot Chuck Rackley had picked in advance. The corpse was lying quite stiff and still in the back seat.

The killer thought it over as the black country road spun away behind his fast-moving car. What fools his buddies were, he thought. All the thugs along Broadway knew that old Pinero had a fortune stashed away somewhere in his weird apartment, but because of superstitious hokey nobody had had the guts to take what was for the taking. Except him, Chuck Rackley.

Old Pinero had been a great magician back in the palmy days of vaudeville, and when that profession had folded he, unlike so many others, had actually gone on to even greater success...as a seer, mystic, and fortune teller. But hardly anybody knew of him in his later years, except for those who used his supposed powers of clairvoyance. Rackley had to admit that among the old boy's many customers there had been a great many people from the upper crusts of society.

But Pinero became more and more of a recluse as the years went on, carrying out his peculiar business from a small apartment just off Broadway. He never went out, and fanciful tales about him became rife. As soon as Rackley heard about him he began planning the robbery. It had paid off handsomely, for when he killed the old man he quickly found over \$50,000 in cash in a bedroom drawer.

Rackley pulled the car off the road and drove a short way into the woods. He had arrived at the prepared spot.

Leaving the corpse in the car he took a shovel from the trunk and hastily commenced digging a shallow grave about 30 yards away. "Two or three feet will be deep

enough," he thought. "It's just as hard to see something two feet underground as two hundred." In five minutes the job was done.

It was quite dark and he didn't dare use a flashlight for fear of it being seen along the road. So when he got back to the car he didn't realize at first that the body was... missing!

A stifled gasp escaped him. It was impossible! Pinero had been quite *dead*. Somebody must have *removed* the body! But who? No one could possibly have come along while he was digging, for he would surely have heard *something*. Quickly he pulled his gun and whirled, flattening his back against the car so that nobody could get at him from behind.

Only a few feet from his face a weird spot of light suddenly materialized. For an instant he thought it a firefly but the next moment the intensely burning particle expanded...taking the shape and features of a human face!

"Pinero!" he shrieked. "But y-you're ...dead!"

Suddenly two other spots of light appeared...lower! In a paroxysm of helpless fear Rackley gazed hypnotically at the growing pools of light...forming into arched hands!

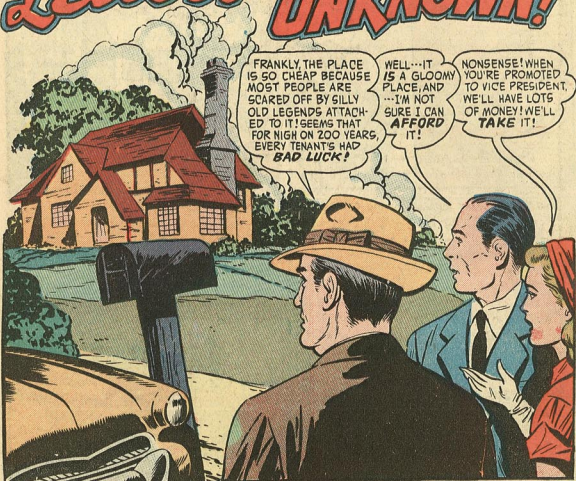
Only when they were around his throat did the apparition speak, holding its glowing face pressed close to his.

"You laughed at my powers, fool," it intoned in a terrible voice. "You didn't believe that I had supernatural powers and wizardry garnered from a lifetime of study of the great *Unknown*! For that, and for my personal revenge...you must die!"

There was a short, ghastly death rattle, and Rackley's limp body fell to the ground. An instant later a weirdly glowing figure could be seen carrying the corpse of the killer...to the wet, shallow grave!

DESTINY DECREED A BIG CHANGE IN THEIR LIVES... AND THE MYSTERIOUS HAND OF FATE WROTE SLOWLY...

Letters FROM THE UNKNOWN!



FRANKLY, THE PLACE IS SO CHEAP BECAUSE MOST PEOPLE ARE SCARED OFF BY SILLY OLD LEGENDS ATTACHED TO IT! SEEMS THAT FOR NIGH ON 200 YEARS, EVERY TENANT'S HAD **BAD LUCK!**

WELL...IT IS A GLOOMY PLACE, AND ...I'M NOT SURE I CAN **AFFORD** IT!

NONSENSE! WHEN YOU'RE PROMOTED TO VICE PRESIDENT, WE'LL HAVE LOTS OF MONEY! WE'LL **TAKE IT!**

SOON AFTERWARDS THEY MOVED IN! THE VERY FIRST MORNING...

WE'LL HAVE TO GO EASY, HILDA... FURNISHING THE PLACE TOOK EVERY CENT!

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CAME THROUGH ON THOSE PROMISES YOU MADE BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED! NOW STOP COMPLAINING AND READ THE LETTER THAT ARRIVED THIS MORNING!

GOOD HEAVENS, HILDA... LOOK AT **THIS!**

This is your lucky day, wags! you cannot lose on these horses

DAILY RACING FORM
1. BRASS BOWNEY
2. WHIRL ON
3. BLUE BOLT
4. COMMODORE
5. RESTIVE

THE LETTER WAS ADDRESSED TO THE **HOUSE** ---NOT TO ME PERSONALLY! AND IT...IT LOOKS LIKE IT WAS WRITTEN IN **BLOOD!**

RIDICULOUS! SOMEBODY'S PLAYING A PRACTICAL JOKE!



ROGER FORGOT THE INCIDENT GOING TO NEW YORK ON THE TRAIN...BUT WHEN HE ENTERED HIS WALL STREET OFFICE...

ROGER! YOU LUCKY STIFF! REMEMBER THAT RAFFLE WE ALL TOOK? WELL, YOU WON...A CADILLAC!

ME? A...A CADILLAC? GOSH, I WAS NEVER LUCKY BEFORE!

BUT MORE SURPRISES WERE IN STORE FOR HIM!

WELL, JENKINS...THIS IS REALLY YOUR LUCKY DAY! THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS VOTED TO PROMOTE YOU TO 6TH VICE PRESIDENT...WITH AN AMPLE RAISE! WHY NOT CALL UP THE WIFE AND TAKE THE AFTERNOON OFF... YOU DESERVE IT!

TH-THANK YOU, SIR... THANK YOU!

...AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED? ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?

ROGER, I...I'VE GOT A HUNCH! MEET ME AT THE RACETRACK! WE'RE GOING TO BET THOSE HORSES THE LETTER SUGGESTED!

AT THE END OF THE 7TH RACE...

WE...WE WON! HILDA, THAT'S SEVEN IN A ROW!

YIPEEE! I TOLD YOU! LET'S BET IT ALL ON THE LAST RACE!

B-BUT, HONEY...ALL?

BET IT, YOU WEAKLING...BET IT!

AND SO...

WE DID IT! WE DID IT!

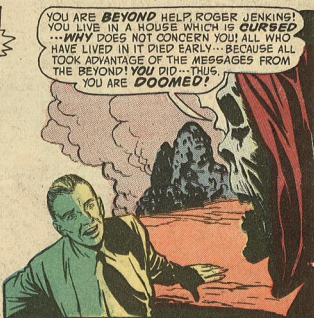
ROGER, WE'RE RICH... RICH!

THAT NIGHT, LAVISHLY CELEBRATING...

ENJOYING YOURSELF, DEAR?

YOU KNOW I AM!...YOU KNOW, I FIGURE THAT LETTER WAS INTENDED FOR THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED IN THE HOUSE BEFORE US! THEY MUST'VE HAD UNDERWORLD CONNECTIONS...AND I GUESS ALL THOSE RACES TODAY WERE FIXED IN ADVANCE!





FAREWELL, ROGER JENKINS! WE MEET AGAIN...**SOON!**

NO, WAIT...**WAIT!** MERCIFUL HEAVENS, HE'S **DISAPPEARING!** THE LETTER HE LEFT...**I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT IT SAYS!**



NO, IT CAN'T BE... IT **MUSTN'T** BE!

This is your unlucky--and last... day!

HILDA! WAKE UP...**WAKE UP!** WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE...**NOW!**

HUH? WH-WHAT'S...**WRONG?**



AS THE STORY BROKE BREATHLESSLY FROM HIM...

I'M DOOMED, I TELL YOU...**DOOMED!** YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THAT THING'S **FACE!** IT WAS HORRIBLE, **GHASTLY!**

STOP WHINING YOU FOOL! YOU'VE HAD A **HALLUCINATION!** NOW GO TO SLEEP...WE CAN TALK IN THE MORNING!



AFTER A SLEEPLESS NIGHT...

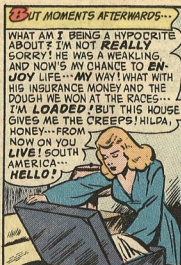
IT **WASN'T** MY IMAGINATION...THAT THING WAS **REAL!**

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE...**STOP IT!** YOU'VE GOT A BIG JOB TO TAKE CARE OF...**GOODBYE!**



HIS EYES WERE TIRED, AND HIS SENSES BEFOGGED WITH FEAR! BUT WAS WHAT HAPPENED...**INEVITABLE?**







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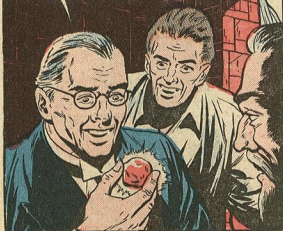
don't miss
ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

AT YOUR
Favorite
NEWSSTAND

The PHAROAH'S RUBY

ONE OF THE WEIRDEST OF TALES OF CURSED JEWELS CONCERNS THE ENORMOUS RUBY WHICH WAS FOUND IN THE TOMB OF HAAKEN-ISHTAR IN 1896...

GENTLEMEN, I WOULDN'T VENTURE TO SAY HOW HEAVY THIS GEM IS... BUT IT'S CLEARLY **PRICELESS!**



INCREDIBLE! NEVER IN ALL MY EXPERIENCE HAVE I SEEN ANYTHING TO MATCH THE PERFECTION OF THIS STONE! I PREDICT IT WILL BE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS!

FINE! WELL, WE'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO OUR WORK!



A FEW MOMENTS AFTER THE SCIENTISTS HAD RE-ENTERED THE TOMB...

GOOD HEAVENS... THEY'RE TRAPPED! EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!

ROAR!



THE RUBY WAS TAKEN BY CARAVAN TO ALEXANDRIA AND PLACED ABOARD A SHIP BOUND FOR ENGLAND! BUT WHEN THE CARAVAN ATTEMPTED TO RETURN TO THE TOMB SITE, ONE OF THE WORST SANDSTORMS IN EGYPTIAN HISTORY STRUCK WITH HURRICANE FURY!

FIVE DAYS THE WIND BLOWS... WITHOUT SIGNS OF ENDING! FOOD AND WATER... NEARLY GONE! WE ARE... **DOOMED!**



ABOARD THE S.S. KENSINGTON, FIVE DAYS AT SEA...

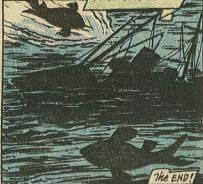
AT LEAST MY COLLEAGUES DID NOT DIE IN VAIN! THE RUBY IN THE SHIP'S SAFE WILL WIN THEM A PAGE IN THE ANNALS OF ARCHEOLOGY!

YOU'RE WANTED ON THE BRIDGE, CAPTAIN! THE BAROMETER'S FALLING... **FAST!**

72 HOURS OF UN-RELIEVED HAMMERING BY MIGHTY WAVES... AND THE KENSINGTON SPRANG A LEAK! DISTRESS CALLS WENT OUT... THE LAST EVER HEARD FROM THE SHIP!



YEARS PASSED BEFORE SCHOLARS PIECED TOGETHER THE VARIED ASPECTS OF THE MYSTERY! THE CALAMITOUS EVENTS HAVE COME TO BE ATTRIBUTED TO THE MYSTERIOUS AGENCY OF THE **PHAROAH'S RUBY**... NOW LYING IN THE BATTERED HULK OF A SHIP ON THE BOTTOM OF THE MEDITERRANEAN!



THE END!

TO THE LIVING IT WAS A CHILDISH FANTASY,
BUT ITS REALITY CAME AS A BURST OF
TERROR...AN INEXTRICABLE FORCE THAT
DREW THEM CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE
STEAMING BRINK OF...

THE BUBBLING PIT



EARLY ONE DAWN,
ON AN ISLAND OUT-
POST IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC...

I DID NOT
STEAL /
MERCY... I
BEG OF...

FIRE!

BANG BANG
ARG-HHHHH
BANG!



THE PRISONER'S FAMILY MAY CLAIM THE BODY FOR BURIAL, SERGEANT! IF THE NATIVES SHOW ANY SIGN OF OPEN HOSTILITY, YOU HAVE THE USUAL ORDERS FOR IMMEDIATE SUPPRESSION! IS THAT CLEAR?



YES, COMMANDANT! PERFECTLY!

THEN, AS THE GRIM-FACED COMMANDANT CROSSED THE COURTYARD...



HERE HE COMES NOW! REMEMBER, DARLING! FOR MY SAKE ALONE, DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO PROVOKE HIM!

I'LL DO MY BEST, MARIE... BUT I DON'T THINK THAT YOUR BROTHER AND I COULD EVER BE FRIENDS!

MY JOB HERE AS AN ENGINEER DOESN'T GIVE ME THE RIGHT TO SOUND OFF, BUT YOUR BROTHER'S METHOD OF JUSTICE IS THE GREATEST SHAM I'VE SEEN YET! THAT NATIVE NEVER HAD A CHANCE! HE WAS A DEAD MAN BEFORE THE TRIAL BEGAN!



I... I KNOW, FRED... BUT IT'S PAUL'S WAY!



QUITE TRUE, MARIE! IT IS MY WAY AND ONE WHICH AN AMERICAN WOULD HARDLY UNDERSTAND! IT IS THEIR NATIONAL CHARACTERISTIC TO FAVOR THE UNDERDOG! TO ME, IT IS RIDICULOUS, INEFFICIENT!

PERHAPS THE NATIVE YOU SAW KILLED WAS INNOCENT! WHAT OF IT? THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT AN EXAMPLE HAS BEEN SET! IT MAKES LITTLE DIFFERENCE WHO DIES, SO LONG AS THE LESSON IS TAUGHT!



BUT THIS IS NO TIME FOR A LONG FACE, MARIE! REMEMBER, TONIGHT IS THE RECEPTION BALL AT THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE! IT WOULDN'T SPEAK WELL OF ME IF HIS EXCELLENCY SAW YOU IN A DEPRESSED STATE!

IT ISN'T ME YOU NEED FEAR, PAUL... BUT YOUR OWN CONSCIENCE! HEAVEN HELP YOU WHEN THE TIME FOR RECKONING COMES!



LATE THAT SAME EVENING, AS DUSK GATHERS, A GROUP OF NATIVES BEAR THE SLAIN PRISONER TO THE EDGE OF A BUBBLING, HISsing PIT...

HEAR US, GREAT BELHOA, IN OUR HOUR OF NEED... AVENGE WITH WRATH THIS BLOODY DEED!

AS THE INCANTATION COMES TO AN END, THE SOLEMN-FACED NATIVES HURL THE BODY INTO THE MISSING, VAPOROUS DEPTHS!



THE GREAT BELHOA HAS HEARD! HE SENDS FORTH HIS MESSENGERS!

AVENGE US, GREAT BELHOA!



LATER THAT EVENING... THE GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION...

THAT GIRL, YOUR EXCELLENCY! THE ONE PAUL KEEPS DANCING WITH! WHO IS SHE?

FRANKLY MY DEAR, I AM IN THE DARK AS MUCH AS YOU! I CAN'T IMAGINE WHOSE GUEST SHE IS, BUT I REALLY SHOULDN'T OBJECT! SHE'S QUITE A BEAUTY AT THAT!



FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME, WON'T YOU TELL ME WHO YOU ARE? I COME TO THE GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION EXPECTING A DULL TIME, AND THEN I FIND **YOU...** A VISION OF LOVELINESS, BUT A MYSTERY!



I SAID I WOULD REVEAL MY IDENTITY...AT THE **PROPER TIME!**

BUT I MUST KNOW **NOW...** I'M NOT GOING TO RISK YOUR SLIPPING OFF! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I'M SERIOUS?

YES, I SEE THAT...YOU ARE **QUITE** SERIOUS!



THEN WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?

LOOK CLOSE, COMMANDANT! GAZE DEEP INTO MY EYES AND YOU WILL HAVE THE ANSWERS YOU SO GREATLY DESIRE!



AND AS THE MOON SLIPS FROM BEHIND THE SCREENING CLOUDS...

OH-HH!

HA HA HA!



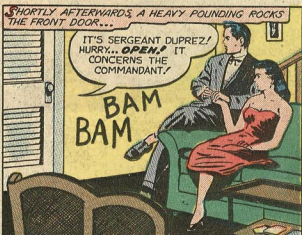




IT... **RUNS AWAY!**
IT FEARS ME!
BUBBLING PIT **EH?**
WE'LL SEE!



I'LL SHOW THEM THAT
I'M STILL THEIR COM-
MANDANT! LIVING OR
DEAD, I'LL PROVE I'M
STILL THEIR **MASTER!**
I'LL MAKE THEM PAY FOR
THEIR FILTHY MAGIC...
THE WHOLE, DIRTY LOT
OF THEM!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, A HEAVY POUNDING ROCKS
THE FRONT DOOR...

IT'S SERGEANT DUPREZ!
HURRY... **OPEN!** IT
CONCERNS THE
COMMANDANT!

**BAM
BAM**

...AND THEN HE INSISTED THAT
I OPEN THE STOREROOM! HE
REMOVED A LARGE QUANTITY
OF DYNAMITE... KEPT SPEAK-
ING ABOUT THE **BUBBLING
PIT!** HE WAS WILD, I TELL
YOU... NEVER HAVE I SEEN
HIM LIKE THIS BEFORE!

THE **BUBBLING
PIT!** WE'VE GOT
TO **STOP**
HIM!



MEANWHILE, THE DEMENTED
MAN RACES TOWARDS HIS
OBJECTIVE...

OPPOSE **ME**, WILL THEY?
I'LL SETTLE THEIR PIT,
ONCE AND FOR
ALL!



AND WHEN
FRED AND
MARIE REACH
THE FOOT OF
THE INCLINE
...

**HA
HA**

HE'S AT
THE EDGE
OF THE
PIT!

THE FOOL...
HE'S GOING
TO BLOW
IT UP!



From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

WELL, SUMMERTIME IS rapidly drawing to a close; vacations are either over or in progress. Before very long all of you will be back at your jobs, either in business or at school. We sincerely hope all of you have enjoyed yourselves this summer.

"Forbidden Worlds", however, *never* rests. That's not to say that we don't take vacations like everybody else, but the work goes on. Every day our research staff has to go through the voluminous reports which come in from everywhere, attesting to strange and eerie doings which lie outside the range of natural phenomena. Our artists have their particular problems, too. Ever try going through a huge library to find a single authentic portrait of a medieval sorcerer? Try it sometime. It'll give you a slight idea of the problems our men face every day.

But all of the work is done gladly, and with intense enthusiasm. We are old fans of the supernatural, and nothing makes us happier than to realize that our ardor is shared by hundreds of thousands of others.

We're particularly proud of our current issue. "*The Ant Master!*" is a thrilling tale, born in the trackless jungles of Brazil, and holding a menace as terrifying as any you've ever encountered. We hope none of you ever receive "*Letters From The Unknown!*" For an awesome account of the unfathomable mysteries of the Beyond, don't miss this fearsome tale! There's more to recommend "*The Bubbling Pit*" than the smash climax. As a gasp-laden tale of earthly crime and unearthly punishment, you'll go far before you find an equal. As for "*Deity of Death*", it's guaranteed to hold you spellbound!

That's *our* opinion. What about *yours*? Nothing makes us happier than mail from our fans, because *your* expressed wishes are the basis of our editorial policy. So why not join the thousands of others who have written to The Editor, "*Forbidden Worlds*", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York. We'll print your comments as soon as we have space! And now, let's hear what some of our readers are saying:

"Dear Editor:-

I think 'Forbidden Worlds' is the best comic on the counter...

--Andrew Romano, Newark, N. J."

"Dear Editor:-

I sure loved the psychological background of the story 'Land of the Living Dead'. Add another reader to your 'Forbidden Worlds' list.

--Walter O'Daniels, Bronx, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

I have read 'Forbidden Worlds' and I can say earnestly that I enjoyed every page of it...

--Ramon S. Young, Columbus, Ga."

"Dear Editor:-

I have been reading 'Forbidden Worlds' for a long time, and I think your stories are terrific. Vampire yarns especially.

--Norwood McBee, Travelers Rest, S. C."

DEITY OF DEATH

Jim Cullen stood at the crossroads of Destiny! Already he had yielded himself to the will of ZENI... ancient god of murder, carnage, and death! NOW his SOUL hung in the balance... and the life of the girl he once loved!

LET HER BE THE NEXT VICTIM OF OUR CULT! STRIKE-- STRIKE!

NO, JIM-- DON'T!

HE WAS A POOR YOUNG WRITER --- GROWING INCREASINGLY DESPERATE --

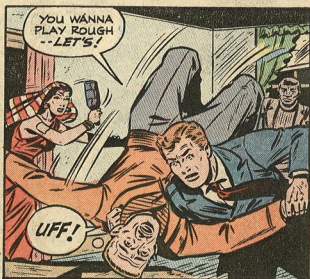
WE'LL NEVER AFFORD TO GET MARRIED, RUTH! THE CRITICS LIKED MY LAST BOOK-- BUT THE PUBLIC'S NOT BUYING WAR NOVELS!

WE DON'T NEED MONEY, JIM -- NOT AS LONG AS WE HAVE EACH OTHER!

YOU'RE CHANGING, JIM-- YOU'RE BECOMING TOO INTERESTED IN WEALTH!

IT'S ONLY THAT I WANT THE BEST FOR YOU, HONEY -- AND YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE IT-- SOME-HOW!

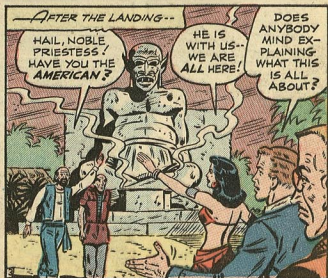
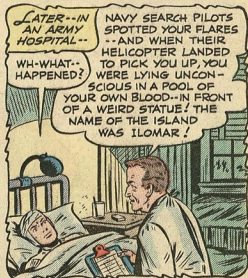
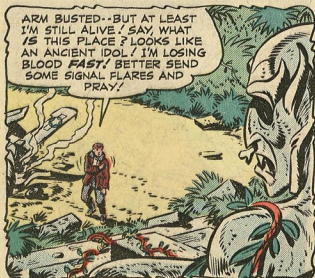
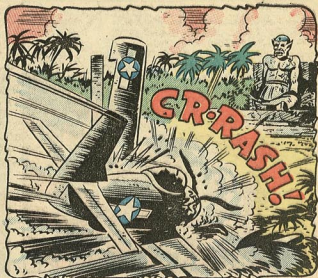




ILOMAR! IT WAS LIKE A VOICE FROM THE PAST--BRINGING A FLOOD OF GRIM MEMORIES--

ILOMAR--ISLAND --- CRACKUP--- BADLY HURT---





I AM **KURRELI**--HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE CULT OF **ZENI**, GOD OF VIOLENT DEATH! LONG AGO COUNTLESS THOUSANDS WORSHIPPED HIM IN THESE ISLANDS--OFFERING A HUMAN SACRIFICE DAILY! BUT AT LAST, ONLY A FEW REMAINED FAITHFUL TO HIS DIRE CODE OF EVIL--HERE ON THE ISLAND OF **ILOMAR**!



DURING THE WAR WE SCATTERED, BUT WHEN WE RETURNED MY POWERS WERE GONE--WHICH MEANS THAT SOMEONE PROPERLY OF OUR CULT WAS NOT PRESENT! HE WHO SHEDS HIS BLOOD BEFORE **ZENI'S** IMAGE IS AUTOMATICALLY A FOLLOWER!! YOU DID, DURING THE WAR--AS WE LEARNED WHEN YOUR BOOK WAS PUBLISHED! NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



I WON'T BUY THAT, HONEY! FRANKLY--YOU'RE NUTS!

YOU THINK SO? HA! BRING THE SACRIFICE TO THE ALTAR!



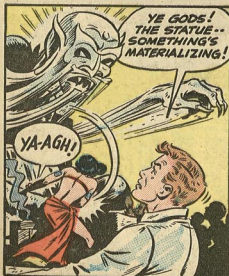
WE ARE GATHERED, O MIGHTY **ZENI**--ALL OF US! WE OFFER YOU THIS PALTRY SACRIFICE--THAT YOU MAY, APPEAR AGAIN!

DON'T! NO!



YE GODS! THE STATUE--SOMETHING'S MATERIALIZING!

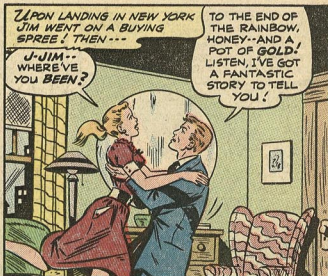
YA-AGH!



IN THE NEXT AWFUL MOMENT--

HAIL, LOYAL SERVANTS--AND HEAR ME! LONG HAS MY POWER SLEPT, MY HUNGER FOR VICTIMS UNAPPEASED! ONCE I WAS CONTENT TO RULE ONLY THIS ISLAND--NOW MY WRATH IS BOUNDLESS! GATHER UNTO ME A MULTITUDE OF FOLLOWERS, AND LET THERE BE A HUMAN SACRIFICE TO ME DAILY! MY POWER WILL GO WITH YOU! I HAVE SPOKEN!





THUS, AS JIM'S DIABOLICAL CAREER BEGAN--

I'VE HIRED YOU MEN BECAUSE OF YOUR LONG CRIMINAL RECORDS-- WE'RE GOING TO BURST OPEN PRISONS, LUNATIC ASYLUMS, REFORMATORIES-- TO GET RECRUITS! YOU'RE ALL IN THE SERVICE OF ZENI, NOW--AND THERE'S NO TURNING BACK!

BOSS, FOR THIS KIND OF DOUGH I'D FOLLOW SATAN HIMSELF!



AFTER DETAILED PLANNING, AT THE WALLS OF A LARGE PRISON--

WE'RE ALL SET, CHIEF!

WE'RE GOING TO NEED HELP FOR THIS--AND THAT'S WHERE ZENI COMES IN! THIS TIME I'M SUMMONING HIM, FOR BUSINESS!



APPEARING SUDDENLY BEFORE THE THUGS' ASTONISHED EYES--

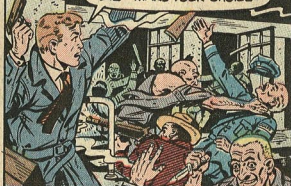
GREAT GUNS!

FORWARD! KILL ALL WHO WILL NOT FOLLOW ME!



WITH THE GUARDS SWIFTLY SLAIN--

PRISONERS--LISTEN! TRUCKS OUTSIDE WILL TAKE YOU ALL TO SHIPS BOUND FOR THE SOUTH SEAS--AND THE SERVICE OF THE DREAD GOD WHOSE POWER YOU HAVE JUST SEEN! LIVE OR DIE--MAKE YOUR CHOICE.



MONTHS LATER--

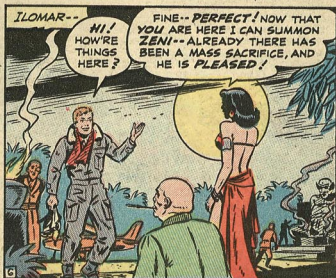
EVERYTHING'S GOING SWELL! GUESS THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN RE-CALLED TO ILOMAR FOR A MEETING WITH KURRELI!

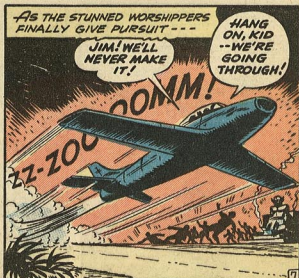
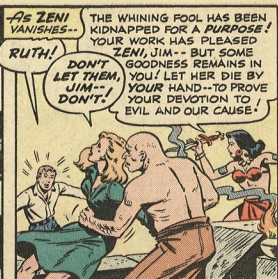


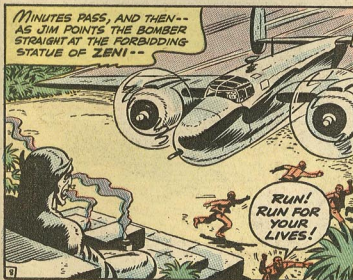
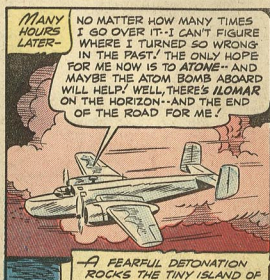
ILOMAR--

HI! HOW'RE THINGS HERE?

FINE-- PERFECT! NOW THAT YOU ARE HERE I CAN SUMMON ZENI--ALREADY THERE HAS BEEN A MASS SACRIFICE, AND HE IS PLEASED!







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